

THE "BOMB" PLOT

By JOHN C. WELDON.

"I can't go to war," spoke Elston Dacre. "They won't take me, but you bet I can do my bit running down spies and traitors!"

The announcement began dolorous. It terminated in a positive burst of enthusiasm from Dacre. His fiancée regarded him proudly, but with wonder-eyes tinged with a token of fear.

"Don't run into danger, Elston!" she urged. "Father says you are doing your full duty in encouraging others to serve your country in a noble, self-sacrificing way."

"Perhaps," accented Dacre, "but I want real action. I think I shall go on a hunt for spies."

As Dacre had often expressed it, he was a "patriot from way back." He had met with an accident the first day of recruiting for the war, breaking a limb. At the end of three months he had limped down to the recruiting office to be informed by the examining surgeon that it would take a year, maybe two, to straighten out the injured member.

He was engaged to Lillie Burton, and that cheery, loyal little specimen of femininity was well worthy of his regard. She deplored his new resolution, but did not express her full opinion, and sighed as her lover left her that evening, for Dacre was thorough in his activities and would ferret out spies and traitors, if anybody could.

Lillie tried to dissuade Dacre from what she believed to be a waste of his time, but her lover was headstrong. She missed him and she worried about him for about a week. Then she received a letter from him dated at Eldene, a manufacturing town thirty miles away.

"I am on the verge of a great discovery," wrote Dacre. "Day and night I am watching two suspicious strangers who have been in Eldene for a week. They are up to some big plot. I know this much: It involves bombs, and an airship."

Really, Dacre had some basis for his sensational suspicions. He had struck "his clue" after several days' hanging around Eldene. At its principal hotel one evening he was seated reading a newspaper, when a man loitering in the next chair started up and shook hands with a newcomer, greeting him effusively.

"Glad you've come. Hard work killing time in this dead town," spoke the first man.

"Got delayed," explained the newcomer. "No easy task finding an aviator with a machine to accommodate all the truck we will have to carry, beside ourselves."

"Bombs all ready and shipped?"

"And the airship will be on hand as soon as our baggage is at the rendezvous. We will start tomorrow evening. If the sky is clear. The trail runs over twenty towns, you know, and we drop the bombs directly over the center of each."

"Bombs!" repeated Dacre in a breathless gasp, as the two men moved away. "Why! they are going to make a regular raid on every town in the county."

Dacre was terrifically stirred up. What should he do? Here was positive evidence of deadly work. Dacre did not close his eyes in sleep; he scarcely ate for twenty-four hours. The next afternoon he traced the two men to a garage. They went inside, made some arrangement with the proprietor and went away. Dacre sought an immediate interview with the garage owner. He learned that the two men had ordered an automobile and driver to take them over to Leeville, twenty miles away, at six o'clock.

Dacre influenced the garage man to let him act as chauffeur. Two hours later he was at the wheel. Just at dusk the two men left the machine at Leeville. They struck out down a lonely country road. On foot Dacre followed them at a safe distance.

It was an hour later when they climbed a fence and at an opening, amid a dense grove of saplings, came upon an airship. Beside it, in boxes, were black round objects, supplied with fuses and having also appended a square package done up in thin tissue paper.

A third man welcomed them and all hands proceeded to pile in the bomb-like objects. The trio were evidently about to start their flight. Dacre had no time to lose if he hoped to prevent a desperate bomb raid. A weapon in either hand, he rushed forward, stumbled over a looping vine, one revolver was discharged and his head struck a tree-trunk, stunning him.

When Dacre returned to consciousness it was to find himself tied to a tree. He heard a whirling sound aloft and looked up. The airship was rapidly moving in the direction of Leeville.

Suddenly a spark of light showed the running fire of a quick fuse. The bomb was driving downwards. There was a brilliant explosion in midair, a graceful spark of colored fireballs and a thousand white paper objects showered earthwards.

Dacre tugged at his hands desperately. At last he managed to free himself. He started on a dead run for Leeville to telephone a warning to other towns. As he reached Leeville he found its principal street a vast litter of printed sheets. He caught its main headline: "Try Perfection Soap."

Groups of men were scanning the sheets, laughing and gazing aloft.

"Clever advertising!" chuckled one.

Two New Canneries Planned for Pacific Coast.

According to information received by the bureau of fisheries, department of commerce, a whaling company on the Pacific coast is planning to erect two canneries to be operated next season, each with a capacity of 30,000 cases. The same company will also operate a cold-storage plant for supplying fresh and frozen whale meat.

COL. LEWIS BACKS HIS GUN

Assails General Crozier and Scores "Inefficiency" of His Office

HATES DEPENDENCY ON THE ALLIES

Says Equipment of Pershing's Forces Is an Outrage and a Disgrace

Washington, Dec. 24.—The story of the invention and development of the famous Lewis machine gun and the disappointing efforts of the inventor to persuade the United States government to accept it without cost, was told Saturday in dramatic fashion by the inventor himself, Col. Isaac N. Lewis, United States navy, retired, testifying in the Senate military committee's investigation of the army.

With an occasional show of heat, Col. Lewis related his controversy with Gen. Crozier, chief of ordnance, whom he severely assailed; denied that he first offered his invention to the British government; detailed repeated tenders of his patents to the government with his profits aggregating millions of dollars, and told of the success with which the weapon has been used by nearly all of the allies.

At times Col. Lewis was so severe in his strictures on Gen. Crozier and the war department that committee members stopped him, saying he was "too loquacious and desultory" and was letting his "feelings run away."

Supporting Col. Lewis' testimony, President A. E. Bore of the Savage Arms company, which has the right to make the Lewis gun, also told of the refusal of the war department to adopt the Lewis gun and the achievements of the gun.

Both he and Col. Lewis predicted that sufficient numbers of the Browning gun, adopted by the war department, would not be available for the American forces. Other manufacturers have testified that the production would be sufficient.

At the conclusion of Mr. Bore's testimony the committee adjourned over Christmas. It prepares to resume examination Wednesday of Quartermaster General Sharp regarding the clothing, cantonment, transportation and other questions.

PUTTING POLES BETWEEN THE SPOKES

(By E. E. Harriman of The Vigilantes.)

Uncle Sam is straining hard to haul his car up a steep grade. He is handicapped by the clinging mud of apathy. His feet are aimed with the spewings of pro-German citizens and fly, sneaking aliens. They watch, eagerly hoping, for the first slip of a foot carelessly planted. They work day and night to render the way more impassable, more hard to travel.

They stand about with quantities of soft soap when they hope to render his understanding more unuseful. They are always sneaking to draw the hobnails from his shoes.

The boys have seen his need of aid. They are flocking from every state—valiant, earnest, manly boys, intent upon the task before them. They are nearly there—coming—coming—ready, willing, eager to help.

The old gentleman stares at them from his task, standing braced that he lose nothing of what he has gained, to watch the throng that press towards him. He rejoices in their hearty willingness, but, even as he smiles a welcome, another throng interposes.

They come with shouts of self-laudation, cries of hysterical appeal to the training giant to hear and heed. They declare themselves the true patriots, the loyal helpers who have come to save him. He wonders why they put no shoulders to the muddy wheels, why every hand is yet unsoiled by honest effort. Then he hears their shouts and understands.

"We do not believe in war conscientious objects—no Americans in European war—sleep and dream secure in the peace of the unprepared—this is England's war—this is France's war—the Kaiser is our friend—it is none of our business—peace at any price."

He sees pacifists that claw and batter those who disagree with their doctrines. He sees patriots who would give up all for a coward's peace. He sees loyal legions who consult the emissaries of the Kaiser before they vote on American measures. He sees officials who cater to the alien and half-hearted because they happen to outnumber the genuine Americans. He sees the coward, the traitor, the self-seeker, the money grubbing alien and citizen, the spy, the malingerer, the professional pacifist, the constituent fearing lawbreakers, all thrusting their bulk before the helpers who are struggling to reach his side.

His back is arched and tense, the muscles of his mighty thighs are knotted and his arms swell with the slip and roll of great thrusts, as he nods to those who reach their hands to help him pull.

"Come on, boys!" We'll pull her through a flying "Y" he shouts and they cheer him as they come.

But the other throng throw huge blocks of stone before the wheels. They thrust poles between the spokes. They drag at the car with all their weight. They tear at the bags of food it carries and scatter them in the mud. Some they burn and some they poison. And all the time they work to keep his helpers from helping.

But soon the giant will lose patience with this throng of objects. His voice will ring across the hills and plains.

"Come on boys! Trample the rascals in the mire if they will not go. Patience has ceased to be a virtue. Give them the only thing they understand—force—and make it swift. They prize of patriotism and do the deeds of traitors. Give them traitors' fates."

Then will the boys and men who are real—their who have true hearts—put on the boots with the iron soles and tread out the pathway, breaking down the weeds and nettles, kicking aside the foul and decayed, and the sort of "patriotism" that aids the enemy will die as it deserves.

ASK FOR and GET Horlick's The Original Malted Milk Substitutes Cost YOU Same Price.



If your skin itches just use Resinol

No remedy can honestly promise to heal every case of eczema or similar skin ailment. But Resinol Ointment, made by Resinol Soap, gives such instant relief from the itching and burning, and so generally succeeds in clearing the eruption away for good, that it is the standard skin treatment of thousands and thousands of physicians. Why not try it? Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap are sold by all druggists.

GAVE REFRESHMENTS TO FIGHTING MEN

At First the Y. M. C. A. Passed Out Chocolate, Cigarettes and Matches

to Men as They Passed to the Front Line.

Paris, Dec. 24.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press).—Refreshments and amusements were provided for the first American troops, stationed for training in the first line trenches by the American and Navy Young Men's Christian association. This work began in a cow shed in a little village just behind the front line under the direction of Ira D. Shaw, a former Columbia university football player. The equipment to begin with consisted only of a small supply of chocolate, cigarettes and matches, which were passed out to the men as they passed the hut on their way "up the line."

Later the cow shed was abandoned for a large habitable room with a splendid open fireplace. The association headquarters in Paris largely augmented the supply of refreshments and provided magazines, writing paper and a talking machine, which was on "active service" from early morning until late at night. Each evening groups of tired, wet American infantrymen and their French comrades-in-arms, doctored to the room for a bit of entertainment. The barking of the 75's used by the Americans as the shells started for the German lines could be heard plainly within the hut. Nearby were dugouts for shelter when the German shells came too close for comfort.

Not many kilometers from this advance hut was another that originally was a French barracks. It was gladly turned over to the American association which served there both French and American soldiers. It had a canteen, games, writing material and two coal fires which were kept supplied by French soldiers.

The Y. M. C. A. secretaries did not confine their work to the huts but went almost to the front trenches with newspapers, magazines, tobacco and other supplies.

STEAMER WAS NOT SUNK.

City of Naples Arrives at an Atlantic Port.

The British steamship City of Naples, reported a few days ago to have been sunk by a submarine torpedo off the British coast while under convoy of destroyers, arrived at an Atlantic port Saturday. It was learned that the vessel was not attacked by a U-boat but struck a mine and her officers, fearing she was seriously damaged, put back to a British port. There an examination of the hull proved the effect of the explosion as negligible and the ship resumed her voyage.

An American vessel which was in the same convoy with the City of Naples brought the story of the British ship's supposed sinking. The accident occurred on Dec. 5, when the fleet was five days out from port.

AMERICAN CASUALTIES.

Gen. Pershing Reports Deaths of Three Privates in France.

Washington, Dec. 24.—Gen. Pershing Saturday reported to Washington the death of Private Harold Ainsworth, signal enlisted reserve corps, on the 19th as the result of an airplane accident. His father is Albert Ainsworth of Swarthmore, Pa. Gen. Pershing also reported these deaths from natural causes: Private Grant C. Hooker, supply train, Dec. 11, coronary embolism; father, J. C. Hooker of Colorado, Tex.

Private William F. O'Brien, machine gun battalion, Dec. 17, scarlet fever; father, J. F. O'Brien of 135 Main street, North Walpole, N. H.

UNSEATS ARIZONA GOVERNOR.

State Supreme Court Displaces Campbell, Republican, with Hunt, Democrat.

Phoenix, Ariz., Dec. 24.—The Arizona supreme court Saturday seated G. W. P. Hunt as governor of Arizona. Hunt contested the election of Governor Campbell, who now holds the office. Hunt is a Democrat.

Dale's Appeal.

Congressman Dale of the second Vermont district did more to enhance his popularity with his constituents in making a brief trip to the battlefields of northern France and Belgium than by any action in Washington. He saw the horrors of warfare and coming back he speaks in ringing tones to the people of this country: "For God's sake, wake up and realize what this war means!" We believe Mr. Dale is exactly right. We also commend to all readers a careful perusal of his statement published today in another column. Mr. Dale does not look for an early peace. He believes that it will be a long conflict, dating from the present time, and that we shall suffer in loss of noble young lives. He wants us to rush supplies, guns and munitions to our men in France. He also says that we must give more men, men by the million, if we are going to win the war. The United States, we believe, can become the deciding factor in this great conflict for a principle—the principle of right and justice which our president has put before us so clearly. But we must fight, we must sacrifice, and the quicker we act in a way to help gain the victory the better.—Brattleboro Reformer.

CURRENT COMMENT

Corporal Howe, son of Editor Frank E. Howe of Bennington, has been selected for a cadetship at West Point. The young man, who is now recovering from typhoid contracted in an army camp, has been active in recruiting and shows the initiative that characterizes his dad.—Randolph Herald and News.

Chance for Dale to Make a Name.

Congressman Porter Dale of the second Vermont district has an opportunity to make a name for himself and at the same time do a great service for his country by telling on the floor of Congress the horrors of war and the inadequateness of the preparation of our United States soldiers as he found them on his visit to France. The interview which he gave out through the Rutland Herald appeared under big headlines in all of the large city newspapers. Something more of the kind, straight from the shoulder, will make official Washington take notice. Dale has the opportunity and we hope he will rise to it with all the strength and force of his sturdy manhood.—Brattleboro Reformer.

Censoring the "Drives."

The state of New Hampshire, through its committee on public safety, has taken the lead in a movement that deserves to spread throughout the country. Investigators for the committee have made several reports to it regarding certain alleged war charities, the principal object of which, apparently, was to enrich their promoters; and, as a result, a strict censorship has been established over "drives" for more or less worthy objects. If a cause is all that it should be, the committee will further it in every way possible.

But, experience has proved, not alone in New York, that not every so-called charity adds much to the comfort of our soldiers or to the well-being of our unfortunate who have lost their all through the war. It was brought out recently that one of the most popular projects gave a net return of about one cent to charity from every forty of gross receipts. It is, indeed, unfortunate that such schemes persist in a time of stress like this. The New Hampshire plan seems to offer one method of reform.—Boston Herald.

Bonds Uncle Sam Is Asked to Buy.

The federal farm loan board wants the government to buy \$100,000,000 of farm loan bonds, and the government, having created the federal farm loan board and the system of which it is the head, will probably buy the bonds.

The government relies heavily on the American farmer, more heavily than it does on any other class of citizens. The farmer, who has asked for farm loans totalling \$225,000,000, and whose request has been granted for \$105,000,000 cannot get the money unless these bonds are sold to provide it.

Who will buy them? The farm loan board has been able to sell less than \$30,000,000 worth, and so it goes to Congress.

It is true that the farm loan bonds are a splendid security. It is equally true that nobody knows of their existence. A little item was printed some time ago telling of a purchase by President Wilson. The syndicate through which the farm loan board sold what it did sell of them advertised the offering modestly.

If the government buys these bonds it ought to do something to effect their distribution. Whether that something should take the form of alterations in the membership of the federal farm loan board, or alterations in its methods of bond selling, or alterations in the act which brought it into existence, Congress might very well undertake, and at the present session, to find out.—New York Sun.

Germany Paying the Price.

Success in war depends not only on armaments, military skill and organization; it depends still more on population. It is Germany's responsibility to this test. At the opening of the fourteenth century the countries now included in the German empire numbered about 12,000,000 people. The Thirty Years' war swept two-thirds of that total out of existence and worked such devastation that substantial recovery did not set in until the beginning of the eighteenth century. In the nineteenth century 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 people left the fatherland, a large proportion of that number finding their way as emigrants to the United States.

When the present war broke out Germany had a population of about 68,000,000 and a fairly progressive birth rate. She entered the struggle with a fighting strength of approximately 5,000,000 men, with reserve resources to come in at the rate of 450,000 a year, made up of the young men who would annually reach the age of 18. Upon these numbers fearful inroads have already been made by the war. It is estimated from statements, issued by the Germans themselves and incorporated into their home records, that they have been losing men since August, 1914, at the yearly rate of 1,698,200 killed, permanently crippled and dead through sickness. Deducting the 450,000 called to the colors each year, this gives a total annual loss of 1,248,200, and should that rate hold until August, 1918, Germany will then have sacrificed close upon 5,000,000 of her men since the beginning of the war.

Nor is this by any means the whole story. Account must be taken of marriage and birth rate returns. Figures just issued by the Royal Statistical society of Great Britain show that in Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Hesse, Hamburg and Bremen—six states containing

THIS WEAK NERVOUS WOMAN TOOK VINOL

It Made Her Strong and Well

Barneveld, Wis.—"I was in a weak, nervous, run-down, anemic condition, so that my housework was a burden. Vinol was recommended, and it made me well and strong. It is certainly the best tonic and strength-giver I have ever taken."

Mrs. John Lewis.

Vinol is a cod liver and iron constitutional remedy for weak, nervous, run-down conditions of men, women and children. Your money will be refunded if it does not help you.

Red Cross Pharmacy, Floyd G. Russell, Prop., and at the best drug store in every town and city in the country.—Adv.

Your Rheumatism

The twists and aches of rheumatic sufferers usually yield to the rich oil-food treatment in

SCOTT'S EMULSION

when everything else fails. Besides helping to purify and enrich the blood Scott's strengthens the functions to throw off injurious acids and is especially beneficial during changing seasons. Many doctors themselves take Scott's. You Try It.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 17-34

more than 80 per cent of the German population—the total number of marriages in 1914 fell nearly 10 per cent below the number recorded in the previous year. In Saxony, compared with the last year of peace, the decrease was about 37.6 per cent and in Berlin 21.6 per cent. Through decrease in births during the war period the United Kingdom has lost 10,000 potential lives for every million of its population; from the same cause Germany has lost such lives at the rate of 40,000 per million, or a total of about 2,600,000; and with Hungary figuring in these losses at 1,500,000 it is estimated that since the beginning of the war the total sacrifice of potential lives in the central empires has been ten times as great as that recorded for Great Britain. These are hard, dry facts. They reveal the strides which Germany is taking towards complete exhaustion of her fighting power. They show also the price she is willing to pay, not for the triumph, but for the ignominious defeat of her plan to dominate Europe and impose her will on the world.—Boston Herald.

Is Germany Playing Her Last Trump?

These gigantic thrusts against the Italian front may not be the only ones that the German general staff is prepared to deliver during the coming weeks. The reports which filter through from Flanders, and the desperate efforts which are now being made to hold a footing around Cambrai, give some indication that before long a heavy blow may be struck at the long western line between Switzerland and the sea. The recent allied war conference in Paris is understood to have carefully considered this possibility and to have set in motion every necessary preparation for meeting it.

Why are the German authorities making so brave a show of offensive power in the months of midwinter when campaign can only be carried on under well-nigh insuperable difficulties? Why are they now, despite their weakened manpower, hurrying their regiments forward in mass formation with the certainty of an enormous toll in casualties? These questions could be answered with less difficulty if we only knew the exact truth about the internal conditions of the two central empires. It may be true that in both countries, and particularly in Austria, the people are so tired of the war and so exhausted by reason of their sacrifices that they have forced the hands of the military authorities, making the latter seek a speedy decision no matter what the cost. Or it may be, on the other hand, that the campaign is being pressed forward during the winter months on strategic grounds alone, without particular reference to any non-military considerations the design being to secure every possible advantage before America can become a decisive factor in the conflict. Certain it is, at any rate, that the German general staff is

Carter's Little Liver Pills for Constipation

THE GREAT VEGETABLE REMEDY

Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

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A GREAT CHANGE ENTERS INTO LIFE OF STOREKEEPER

A certain unassuming gentleman in this city who happens to be a prominent dealer and who up to a few weeks ago had become a recluse because of his physical condition tells this remarkable and most interesting tale:

"For a number of years," he said, "I have been so closely confined to my business, working zealously to make my store representative in every respect, that wear and tear finally got me. My face became drawn and jagged and my disposition seemed to urge people to evade me. It was then that I began to despise my own company. My book-keeper, who has been with me a long time, one day suggested that I needed a rest and that my nerves required attention. She told me that her father had been in the state of health which I was experiencing and that he had taken Phosphated Iron. 'Look at him now,' she said. 'He works ten hours a day and appears to be the happiest man in the world, which he believes he is, he says.'"

"All this happened less than a month ago. I followed the advice and look at me now. Back in the harness with a smile all the while. I am feeling more fit than ever. When I see a tired looking face the name of Phosphated Iron immediately comes in my mind. I am convinced that it is converting many a worn out body into a life rich in thought, ambition and enthusiasm."

Special Notice.—To insure physicians and patients receiving the genuine Phosphated Iron we have put up in capsules only, so do not allow dealers to substitute pills or tablets, insist on the genuine in capsules only. E. A. Drown, the druggist, and leading druggists everywhere.—Adv.

County Sheriffs.

A sheriff in one of the counties of the southern tier has tendered his resignation to Governor Graham, giving as his reason that he cannot afford to keep the position at its present salary. The Messenger doesn't know what the sheriff's salary was, and doesn't know what the sheriff's demands on that salary were, so it can speak only in a general way upon it. What is a good salary for one man is a poor one for another.

The vacancy in the office won't exist long. Whatever the salary is, someone will take it. There is hardly a job so poorly paid that an occupant cannot be found for it. Generally we get, in the long run, just about what we pay for. There must be some people in Vermont who have done considerable wondering about our office of sheriff.

The Messenger's idea is that a man to act as sheriff, representing the power and dignity of the state and being entrusted with most important matters and responsibilities, should have some other commanding qualification than his mere willingness to accept a job. The office of sheriff, rightly viewed, should be one that would command the ambition of higher than second-rate men.